

April 1-3, 1982, p. 5

front door and to the right, i.e., level one of the tower on the facade, and clean that wall from the ground level to the clock for Pioneer Days (levels 1-2-3-4-5-6 of the Tower on the facade side) to show the world how good the building will look after it is cleaned and repaired. An excellent idea. At the post office I was let in to check the box by the little man, who I recognize but whose name I did not and do not know, who was locking up for the day, even though it was after hours he let me in. There were a couple of letters and that made me feel good. I called WSP and he was there, dutifully and cheerfully. We drove John home and that was that. Again, exhausted and grimy we returned to Box 29 and HLRP had a sumptuous feast all prepared and that was grand and I ate and ate and ate. I was extremely tired and I think I was getting a cold/perhaps flu. At any rate I was so excruciatingly tired that I could not fall asleep. On Sunday morning, WSP waked me up to that I could look at the snow and I was so tired that I could not bring myself to complete consciousness. A few hours later I got up. HLRP went to church: Palm Sunday. We had roast pork for dinner and cherry pie with crumb crust--a new creation by HLRP and it went over big, as one says. We all liked it, including William and Russell who were on the scene with garage activity prior to opening the course for the season. On Saturday night as I read the INDEPENDENT in the living room I discovered the "bluebird" letter that WSP had "written" to the INDEPENDENT. He had missed it and was very amused to see it. HLRP was also amused. On Sunday morning WSP went out to get a second copy of the INDEPENDENT. Both the TIMES and the TRIBUNE printed the release about the WPA book, and WSP bought me a copy of the Sunday Times at the same time. He is so thoughtful, and it gives him such pleasure to do such things as buying a copy of the TIMES for me like that. The involvement of WSP and HLRP in the City Hall project of mine is truly heartwarming. They are both having a grand time with it and it is extremely gratifying to me that they have become involved. WSP drove me to the bus station for the 6:30 bus and that was that. I always hate to leave there on Sunday afternoons. There is so little time to do what one has to do.

Bob Tomaine borrowed the "Instructions on the care of a tower clock" and will produce a new, full-size copy of the sheet. He borrowed the framed instructions after the meeting on 04-01-1982.

I showed around the brass plaque that was on the clock. The brass plaque has been at earlier meetings but I wanted to have it at this one in the event there were new people there. I was glad I took it. Jean Colville had not seen it and was interested in examining it.

Before the raking operation on Friday, I went to the Goodwill store and looked for a pair of gloves. John's mother did not have any men's gloves for sale, and so I was lent a pair from their personal "store collection"--the two gloves were of different sizes. No matter. After we finished raking, John and I walked back down to the store where his mother works so that I could return the gloves and they were amused and pleased with our raking efforts. I believe that it was then, perhaps around mid-day, yes it was a mid day, that I was shown to John's father and two of his friends as they were walking up Main Street: Mr. Buberniak had just had lunch with Mrs. Buberniak. Mrs. Buberniak was just returning to the store when we arrived to borrow some gloves. Although Mr. Buberniak and I didn't speak directly to each other, he remarked: "I don't know how you do it. I can't get him (i.e., John) to work for me." I'm not sure why it was not opportune for me to stop and chat with Mr. Buberniak but the situation was such that we were both aware of each other's presence but it was not a situation where we were supposed to talk to each other. I don't think I would even recognize the man if I were to see him again, as I'm sure I will.

4/15-18, 1982, p. 1

I arrived at Martz sans reservation and was told that there were no more seats available. I rushed down to the gate and was prepared to stand if necessary all the way to Carbondale. Happily there were some no-shows and I got a seat--in fact, I sat in the seat directly behind the driver. On the aisle was a little old lady who looked like she was from the depths of Old Forge or Throop or somewhere like that. She began talking to me about Palm Sunday in Spain and I asked her if she had been out of the country for a long while. No, said she, just for three weeks. She went on a retreat to a small village in Spain. She does so three times a year. She had an elaborate ceiling-hanging made out of palms from the Good Friday service. She pulled it out of a plastic bag and was very anxious that I examine it. She was quite a character. She was troubled by the bad air in the bus and breathed through a handkerchief all the way. At Panther Valley she drank a cup of what smelled like vinegar. She told me that if she snored (or is it snorred) to wake her up. She was an ideal seat companion. She stayed on her own half of the seat and was highly self-contained. She insisted on talking for about 10 minutes, at which point I began to get very involved in my own projects, and she then nodded off. She was intrigued by my Sony Walkman. Once my seat companion (from Wilkes-Barre) settled down, I too settled down--to the freshly made tape of Marches and Waltzes. I revelled in ARTIST'S LIFE WALTZ and American Salute (WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN) over and over. The former composition is the first work of art that I ever appreciated aesthetically, that is to say, my first aesthetic experience took place upon hearing Artist's Life Waltz at the age of about 10 or 11. When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again is one of my favorite songs. All the way to Carbondale I revelled in my childhood and in the Civil War. The bus ride was a great joy. Before I knew it, I was in Mount Pocono, and then in Scranton. I sat on the left side of the bus on the way to Carbondale (as I almost always do) and so the late-afternoon sun poured in through the window. The sunlight, the music, the memories--it was splendid. WSP was waiting for me when I arrived--he was in the best position in the parking lot. He was doubtless there at least 1/2 hour before my arrival. WSP noted that the bus was a couple of minutes late. Is it any wonder that I too am compulsive, particularly when it comes to being on time. We talked about Steamtown on the way to Carbondale. WSP reported that Steamtown is presently considering the Erie-Lackawanna Station in Scranton. I don't recall having told him that I was writing to Steamtown on behalf of Carbondale, but he knew that I had written and we discussed my letter to Steamtown. Supper was waiting when we arrived at home and I can't think of what we had just now. I ate quickly, too quickly, and got dressed and went to the meeting at City Hall. I gave HLRP and WSP a copy of the letter from the Jaycees in which I was nominated to be one of the "outstanding young men of American" for 1982." They were very pleased with the letter. I also gave WSP a copy of a PP&L prospectus: Salomon is one of 4 underwriters on the deal. WSP was pleased to have a copy. I must take a copy of a red herring to them, as we talked about red herrings and finals and I want to make sure that they have examples of each. When I arrived at City Hall, John Buberniak, Joe Pascoe, John Revak, John Brennan and others were there, including Rob Lewis, who reported that a meeting was going on in Council Chambers. There were no parking spots in the lot around City Hall, and I wondered just what was going on in City Hall, as I saw the lights on in Council Chambers when I arrived. Some kind of baseball meeting was going on, as we later learned. We waited for about 10 or 15 minutes in the lobby and then had a very perfunctory meeting, gathered around the table in the lobby. Just as we were about to adjourn our very perfunctory (and highly unsatisfactory) meeting, David Baum came down the stairs. It seems that the meeting in Council Chambers had ended at 7:30 and he and several other baseball people were just hanging out, as one says, in Council Chambers until the CRCCH meeting was to begin. Rob Lewis didn't actually look in